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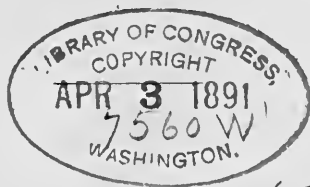
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Gnomir

Sunbeams

—BY—

✓
T. J. SHAW—SLOANE.
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BOSTON
DAMRELL & UPHAM
The Old Corner Bookstore
1891
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PRESS OF
JAMES G. ALLBE,
134 MAIN ST.

TO

Rev. A. I. Gordon, D. D.,

Pastor Clarendon Street Baptist Church,
Boston, Mass.

In veneration for—In love towards him—For the noble, sweet,
cheering, pure language falling from his lips which helps those who
hear to a better life—This book is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass.

February, 1891.

PREFACE.

So I bring my "pigs" to market—rather a sample of them. They are not very dainty; reliable pork never is—but I have fed them as well as my knowledge would allow. If they are too fat, freeze them; then chop off the extra "adipose matter;" if too lean, please add some "brown gravy of forbearance," remembering that their "original" owner has been more or less indisposed, suffering physical pain, etc., during the whole period of their "birth," "youth," and "education," and that with experience and practice his next "batch" will be more to your taste, *mon ami*.

I take this opportunity to thank friends and such of the public who have bought, paid for, read, and appreciated "Yuletide Telesms"—my booklet of last Xmas.

As Miss Newbury Street would say to some one else's brother, after an osculatory exercise, "John, dear John, I'll palliate you on this occasion; but, please, I, of a certainty, must remove my glasses hereafter, dear boy." So, reader mine, am I to hope for palliation?

I was born nurtured of a woman,
I have lived through disease and fever,
I have sinned; but I'm only human.
I'm balanced, with man as a lever
And Satan as the pin.

Charlestown, Mass., March, 1891.

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BABY BOY.

Lines to Mrs. C. F—.

Gracious ! you don't mean to tell me
A genuine baby ?
Well, well ; if this news don't quell me !
Two eyes, two ears, a nose, and some ten little toes.
A masculine baby.
'Tis a wonder.
I'm astonished.

Here ; let me take this to the light.
" Of a son."
(Ah ! yes, paper, I read you right.)
Two feet, and two arms, and some other little charms.
Have me done,
Rent asunder,
I'm admonished.

Babies ; live gifts from on high,
Your baby boy ;
Are calling to the angels when they cry.
Dear baby boy,
The cooing from his lips, his moving finger-tips
Are but reachings
For parted strands
From his " Brother."

See ; I have laid the paper down to think
 Of your boy.
Dear friend, I hope he will be a link
 Of pure joy .
Between the Lord and you, who hath ever been true
 To His teachings,
 His wise demands.
 You are “ Mother.”

TIBI SERIS, TIBI METIS.

Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is the companion of riotous men shameth his father.—*Proverbs*, xviii., 7.

Whoso—This alludes to you, forgetful young men.
Keepeth—Holds fast, changing not, as a weather vane;
The steady, honest, proud purpose to succeed in life,
Law of the Most High studies; and findeth aid in the
strife.

Is knowledge gained through the companionship of sin
A source of future happiness, or producer of ruin?
Wise men tell us, who by inspiration have been taught,
Son—"That by the Cross lies the true path to be sought."
But you must seek—repentant—willing Him to believe.
He then will plead for thee, and from God thou wilt receive
That peace which "passeth all understanding." Only ask:
Is this not a good plan? Is it not a loving task?
The "yoke is easy," and the "burden is light," dear boy.
Companion of your Saviour be; make an effort—try:
Of the Prodigal Son's "misery" thou wilt be free.
Riotous living—mad dream of a fool—believe me,
Men who spend their days thus do live, and die unknown,
Shameth their relatives; of them nothing good is shown.
His "Road," that "narrow street" to eternal bliss is best.
Father-in-Heaven, lead our boys to Thee with zest.

SUNBEAM.

Sunny her nature is—cosy and bright,
Unfurled kindly to my wondering sight.
Not at all darkened by fortune's sad flight;
But so loving! soothing!—just about right.
Each evening's sleepy kiss—"Uncle, good-night."
And each morning's glad ditto—welcome, quite.
My Alice—"Angel of Sweetness and Light."

SONOLA'S PRAYER.

John, xiv., 13.

“Great Manitou, I do adore Thee!”

Prayed this Indian mother true;

“Father of all, I bow before Thee,

Humbly this petition sue:—

“My son, that comfort Thou did'st lend me—

My ‘Strong-Arm’—this many moons past—

From the Chaudiere's tide does send me

A thought,—this day may be his last.

See, the ‘Evil-One’ is in the river,

The waves are rolling mad and deep;

Great Manitou, of help the Giver,

Send this ‘Boiling-One’ to sleep.

When in goodness Thou lent us Thy brightness

To cheer us in the early morning time,

He, my ‘Strong-Arm,’ in spirit of lightness

Did down the steep bank of the river climb,

Into his canoe did gently leap,

Sending back to ‘Sonola’ a sweet sign

Of love for his mother—her pride to keep.

Right proudly did I watch this gift of Thine.

But now the ‘Evil-One’ is boiling;

Great Manitou, have pity on me!

See, my ‘Strong-Arm’ is in her toiling!

Father of all, save him!—I thank Thee.”

Thus prayer from the lone wigwam is heard;

“Great Manitou” has made the storm be still.

Paleface mother, if you only could be stirred

To do likewise—God will thy fond wish fulfil.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

“*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*”

O'Reilly gone ! Dead ! Did I understand you to say ?

He, who hath been our friend, this many a day ?

Who now will paddle our “canoes”—pray !

Through the rapids, past storm-beaten shore :

Tell me ?

Boyle ! Companion of our solitude—dead !

'Tis sad to hear. He, who hath our hearts fed

With comforting food. The last link hath fled

From her convict's chain ; England's chase is o'er.

You see ?

John, 'tis late to send thee thanks, for the rest

Thy pen hath given. Dear friend ; “What is—is best.”

Pilot to that harbor ; thy skill hath stood the test

Safe round the bend—Good bye—'tis dark no more

For thee.

The author respectfully makes this statement : The above lines have *no* reference to religious or political matters, whatsoever—as he differed very widely from the late poet on these subjects. But feeling the loss—his loss, as a student of English literature—he thus strove to lay his humble wreath around the forever-sealed ink-well of this sweet-toned master of a loved art. He hopes that the above is explanation sufficient to inquirers and all unsigned letter writers.

THE AUTHOR.

[N. B.—The above poem was published in a Boston daily paper.]

THE GIRL AT NO. 88.

She dresses nice,
She will suffice,
The most factitious.
Ever smiling,
Quite beguiling,
She's just delicious.
She's sure to be somebody's fate.
This girl who lives at 88.

She has a bonnet,
Sweet as a sonnet—
A fascinating gait.
At times we meet.
Boys, it's a treat,
Indulged in of late.
She's charming. I beg leave to state
This girl who lives at 88.

She will talk well,
A story tell,
That sounds immense.
She'll listen, too;
Then give to you
Her smiles intense.
I tell you, you'd appreciate
This girl who lives at 88.

She's a nice little, high price little dear ;
Her blue eyes, would you surprise, Sir Leer.
If you dare proach, on her encroach, *be* a cur.
She trips lightly, quite sightly, by my door.
She may be a flirt, but that wont hurt her ore ;
She's pure metal, she will you settle, Sir.
And so, to close, I propose to elate
This girl who lives at No. 88.

“NOT AVAILABLE.”

“Be thou contented.

Take thy rest—sleep, Thou hast food, raiment and warm
fire.

Be still.”

As though of the canine race, I
Should not aspire.

Bah! 'tis always thus—misjudging—
Measuring the Outward. Of dim vision
They do not see what a struggle
Deep within me, continuously, is up
In arms fighting to seize, perchance capture, “Desire.”
A battle 'twixt laudable “Ambition,” pure,
And this ceaseless round of mere existence.
A Prisoner behind state bars,
A law-breaker,
Is better off than I.—Freedom
Of action his desire granted is. Time
Will break state bars. But I, aye, freedom have
Now. Alone to roam in this crowded mart :
Made miserable by bartered “Purity.”
I desire to do—To have of “Success”

A mediocrity; to satisfy
The cravings of mine heart.—'Tis of life's meed
A surfeit—this failure.

Thus I for a time "Hope" lose;
But she, coy "Maid" of delusion, smiles,
And again try I that "Goliath" to slay—
"Failure."—Try—language of my soul indite
Till "Success" shall, in wondering pride, deck,
With her garland, my battle-scarred brow. "Hope"
And thou, "Ambition," elusive "Heat"—Come!
Lend thine arms; fostering. * * * *

* * * * * * * *

 List! there is "One"
Who of "Love" teaches of "Success" the Better.
So "Ambition" cease. No failure.
"Love" *is* available—Giver of "Good."
 "*Gratias.*"

SOMETHING.

You ask, but inquisitive you're not.
'Tis from a sympathizing heart.
"Mother's" wish to soothe a tender spot;
To mend what is broken apart.

A "Something" you think I ought to tell,
That is gnawing at my heart's core.
"Mother," you think could break this sad spell,
Which at times worries me full sore.

Ah, yes! "Something" that's painful to touch,
Old, surely, but anew will bleed,
When given but slight cause. "Something!" Such
As is best buried deep; life's need.

"Something"—"Nothing"—be "Mother," forget.
These dark hours of sadness will pass
To and fro; for, 'tis true, I'm beset
At times with pain; a dreary mass.

"Something"—"What"? Ah? "Mother," that's the rub.
Suppositions—realities—
Wisdom—"Diogenes in his tub."
Knowledge and power—frailties.

"Mother," I know you do wish to place
A "Bandage" of love round my heart;
With "Oil" of peace thus to interlace,
To encompass, drown out this smart.

Therefore, I admit, 'tis in kindness
You have these questions propounded ;
But put them by. I, in my blindness,
Prefer that I be *not* sounded.

Please let things, the old wounds, rest.
God is love. Whatever is, is best.
You're "Mother," longing to test
Your wondrous power, herein confessed.
Be content. In you I am blest.
Please do not interfere. Suggest
Jesus—"Pain Reliever." A nest
In which I may lie. Make request
In your prayers ! 'Twill be love's zest.

DIES IRAE.

A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not, but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.—*Proverbs, xiv., 6.*

A young man spending his time on the street,
Scorner of all that is perfect and sweet,
Seeketh he that with which the devil doth treat—
Wisdom of evil, lying there at his feet :
And thus his hours are always wasted.
Findeth he pleasure ? Ah yes, that is true !
It is pleasing ; but some day he'll rue
Not having listened to a Council of Two.
But God is forgiving. Will you not sue ?
Knowledge of Jesus—this should be tasted.
Is the night spent in this sinful way
Easy, dear boy, to repeat forever and aye ?
Unto God you *must* give an account of your stay,
Him you *must* love, ere you do lay
That which He gave, for its “sleep” under the clay.
Understandeth thou ? Go home, and pray.

A TEACHER'S TALK TO HIS SCHOLARS.

Trust in, believe in the things taught in the Bible, boys. A majority of the world's great men are Bible students, believers, teachers of its truths. Remember, if your soul be thus made pure, the face will shine with very brightness. "For the face is the soul's dial-plate; it records all the emotions of the heart. Thoughts chisel their likeness on the brow; emotions throw their glare into the eye; passions paint their hues upon the face."

Then again purity of thought leads to pity for life's sorrowing ones. Those poor, sad, sin-tossed mortals, evidences, witnesses to the truth of the fifth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus—the Lord's oddities. Ah, boys, young men, do not mock, laugh, or jeer at such; they, too, have feelings; life is hard, more hard to bear for one who brings through life's journey a stamp of iniquity, of either self, or parents on him, than for you, perchance the son of a loving, doting father, or mother, or both. Pity the poor, the down-trodden, the outcast, the forsaken; but hate, with a deep hatred, the original progenitor of sin, heaven's dethroned angel, the devil.

Be charitable. By giving of your money to good works a man stamps as it were the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven. Remember the "boy" who gave water in the story of "Ben Hur," to the thirsty travellers—even the Carpenter's Son.

Follow him as far as possible, and there is, it may be said, no limit to the possibilities in a seed of kindness sown ; it will grow. "Nothing is impossible," was a motto of Napoleon I.

Let Jesus be your Lock, your Rock. Don't be ashamed to pray. Why, boy ! 'tis a not-to-be-purchased privilege ; praying, talking to your father, God ; your brother, Jesus, and feeling, hearing the answers thereunto.

Jesus, Brother, forgive poor sorrowing me.

These sins I have committed.

Master, I will try to love and follow Thee ;

Who for me life forfeited.

IS LIFE A FAILURE?

We know "that of the dust of the ground man was formed;"
With breath from his Creator became he a living soul—
In Paradise dwelt; by the Lord's love for him warmed,
Made ready for his life's duties. This was to be his
dole—

To dress, and to keep the garden; to be free from sin;
To enjoy all, less the Tree, of knowledge; but therein
—Adam was a failure.

"For the Lord said: Man to be alone is not good;
I will for this, my Adam, a female, a helpmeet make."
And while the male slept a deep sleep (we've understood)
"God parted his flesh" and "from the man's side a rib
did take."

"Made He a woman"—so pure—and brought her to her
mate.

"Bone of his bone" "flesh of his flesh." She of the
tree ate.

—This woman a failure.

"The serpent said to her: Eat, and ye shall not die,
But be as gods; having a knowledge of good and evil."
—She took of the fruit and did eat—pshaw, what a lie!

He, the tempter, had uttered—deceiving, smiling devil!
She gave of it to her husband with her, and he, too,
Saw their nakedness:—So to fig leaves, and hiding flew.
—Paradise a failure.

“Cain a tiller of ground—Abel, keeper of sheep.”

The first-born Son offered to God a sacrifice of fruit.
The second of his flock—a firstling, of fat deep.

The Lord accepted Abel's—but that of Cain did not suit.
Then a bad spirit took strong hold of the elder son.

He slew his brother Abel. Thus murder first was done.
—Cain, their child, a failure.

Men, women think they love—to them children are sent,
Pure, sweet, little gifts of delusion ; this saddened, old
earth

Is not the place for you. My God ! why are they lent
To crime and to misery ; to Satan's maddening mirth ?
I see a sample of you, crawling along the path.

Weak, misshapen odd limbs. For thee my heart pity
hath.

—Will you be a failure ?

Behind the closed doors of the wine-room, very snug,
At a table drinking, lonely mother, sits your grown boy.
Does he think of you and home, while rattling that mug
For additional “confusion ?” Ah, poor widow ! you
sigh :

“Why is it thus, my God ? Why is Satan so near him ?
Why not spend his hours with me ? Dear Lord, my eye
is dim.

—Is my poor son a failure ?”

In a splendid mansion, replete with works of art,
Lies your poor, lovely daughter, sinful pleasure her
intent.
You wonder, sad father, and with a weary heart
Go forth to seek, to coax, to win her back. You may
have lent,
Perchance, by example, fondness for this wicked state,
Your child has crossed the stream, "Purity." "Lord,
Am I late?
—Is my daughter a failure?"

We read in the daily papers of "blind" husbands
Hunting with revolvers for their home's wilful destroyer;
Threatening vengeance, muttering confused commands
To those about. Venting on "Some-one" curses deep
and dire—
Shooting, killing, mad, blood all boiling— in a full rush—
"God (——) this Some-one who has procured my"—
(But hush ! hush !)
"Pray—Is my wife a failure?"

A woman, shabby-dressed, with sad, old look does walk
Near me on the street. There's a something peculiarly
odd
About her. The bright Sun her poverty does mock.
Of a sudden, she is staggering ; murmuring : "O, God !
My John ! Husband." (But John—Bah ! the usual matter.
His smiling arm-mate is full of her sinful chatter.)
—"Is my husband a failure?"

“ Is life a failure ?” No, misshapen child, it’s not.

No, lone mother ; Jesus for the remission of sin, died.
No, sad father ; not even for her whom you sought.

No, poor, wronged husband ; who for vengeance so wildly
cried.

No, worn out, forsaken wife ; it’s to be a success.

For the dear Father’s loving arm will round you all
press.

—Life is *not* a failure.

Just believe Him, this loving crucified Brother.

Believe on the Cross of Golgotha ; love the Lord—obey.
Child, wife, husband, father, and lone widow-mother ;

Turn again to your Bibles, read them, think, kneel, and
then pray :

“ Jesus, Saviour, forgive, receive, comfort, Thou poor me.”

Prayed, prayer is truly answered. Come, trust and see.

—Taste “ Life,” *real* ; a success.

SUNBEAM AND THE BELL.

Come, listen and I'll sing to you
A song that'll bring to you
 The smile of contentment.
Hark! 'tis the bell : "Jingle," "Jingle."
Ah, friend, does this mingle
 A thought of resentment?
 Poor breakfast bell.

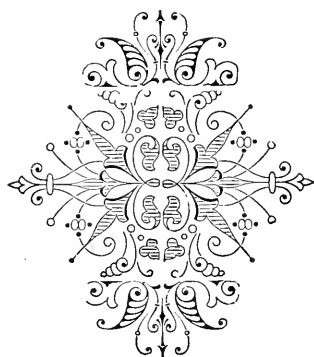
This ringing :—the usual call.
The meal, you'll like it all.
 So nice on the table.
"Patter;" Good, she's coming for me.
"Rap," "tap," on the door. See
 I'm singing no fable,
 That breakfast bell.

Please, friend, do not be mistaken,
For I've not forsaken
 My sweet-toned profession;
To sing to you of dear Sunbeam.
We make quite a strong team.
 So I yield concession,
 Dear breakfast bell.

“Come in,” I call from my writing ;
Where I’ve Hero fighting
Against saddening fate.
(The door opes):—“Good-morning, Sunbeam ;
In the light you do seem
Like a rose-bud elate.”
Good breakfast bell.

“Dear Uncle Tom, ’tis breakfast time,
Mama says : Come, and ’tis fine.”
I put my arms round her,
I kiss her ; and think I am right.
“Angel of Sweetness—Light,”
For so God hath crowned her,
Ring, breakfast bell.

And then, hand-in-hand, out we go,
Down stairs, and so below,
With never a tumbling.
Lord, I thank Thee for this choice gift
Of Sunbeam. She does lift
My heart above grumbling.
Stop, breakfast bell.



INCIDENTAL SLUMMING.

The day is dull, gray, dreary. The leaves are falling. Wind blowing a solemn requiem through the trees, in remembrance of the past season's sunshine. The rain falls; now here, now there, at all angles, just as 'tis let, or hindered, by these sporadic actions of the cold, chilly atmosphere.

Not a very appropriate occasion for an out-door excursion.

Yes, he knew 'twould be a splendid opportunity to sit by his desk, and rummage through old papers—poems, save the title. They never were, nor never will be, published; dreams, idle imaginings. To spend the long afternoon thinking, dreaming, reading the effusions of sometime friends, long since gone to hunt for new friendship—may they there adhere. Perchance to read the sweet, pure words of comfort, written by relative, or true friend, before going to the Promised Land. Ah, yes! sweet, bitter: the hours would pass. Then again, not for-

getting to hug himself with that satisfying squeeze, caress of selfishness, which poor, lone old fellows, in his position, are prone to fall into the habit of.

So he leans back in the easy chair, wrapped in his cosy, warm dressing-gown, so restful ! Thinking, dreaming, too bad to spoil ; to break in ; but are we ? Life is just a series of awakenings, and fallings into oblivion again, sleep, peace, quiet, hush !

Putting on a pair of heavy boots, a macintosh, and a cloth cap, he leaves his warm room for what ?

Well, I'll tell you. He had a cousin who wanted a piece of dress-goods matched. A letter had come that day from her home in the Berkshire Hills, containing a sample ; requesting him to see to it immediately. This epistle and sample lay on his desk, and had been a source of worry all the morning. It would not do to wait till to-morrow, and probable sunshine ; no—he knew by experience the value of despatch in filling orders received from this fair relative.

For the lady would repeat to herself in this wise : “Now, I mailed that sample to cousin Harry at 6 P. M. yesterday ; it will reach Boston by midnight ; be delivered by the 9 o'clock post. He ought to send me the goods by evening ; then I'll receive them to-morrow.”

Woe betide poor Harry if said dress materials, or samples are not in this cousin's hands within the time limit.

Down the hill to the main street for a car. How slippery the dead and dying leaves make the wet pavement ! He has to “hang on”—car is crowded—“standing room only ” for one “perpetual ” more.

“ I wish cousin Edie and her dress-goods were at—at the North Pole. No, I don’t either ; she’s a good, sweet girl. O, pshaw ! what a fool am I ! Why didn’t I stay at home ? ” Harry murmurs to himself.

Because a gentleman must be obliging, my boy.

At last Jordan’s. His feet are wet, or foot rather.

One of those beautiful as-a-Will-Carleton-poem Somerville young ladies—such as the poetic editor of the Journal sings about in his paper so much—placed the tip of her dripping umbrella square between the lace-holes of his boot. Oak-tan soles don’t hinder dampness in this case.

That ministerial-looking chap of a clerk, at the counter—cool, neat, smooth ; not a line ruffled in his entire apparel—smiled a conceited, provoking smile, as, viewing Harry’s “ tossed-up ” condition, and being well aware of his own immaculate tidiness, he waited our obliging Bostonian’s orders.

Where had he put it ? In what pocket ? No ; not in the macintosh, nor inside coat. Ah ! he had it not ! He has not taken it with him. It was at home, with Edie’s letter—in his desk. Too bad, but no help for it. It would be impossible to make another trip this afternoon. He will have to take his scolding meekly. This absent-minded blockhead !

While standing at the large centre door on Washington street, waiting for his car, he heard :

“ Mister, buy a Reckid—one cent.”

Looking down he beheld a large, round derby hat, big enough for Harrison’s grandsire ; a long, black, faded, sometime dress-coat ; trousers, just the fashion as regards width, twenty-three inches, more or less, at the bottoms ;

or I should say at the knees—they were rolled up that distance to better suit the legs of the small chap who wore them ; feet, bare. Underneath the derby a small, pinched, sad, weary face, showing signs of past and present poverty. A little woe-begone mouth, that, in spite of all mental feeling, held lines of rare beauty. The lips being small, arched, and tightly drawn, or pressed against as pretty a set of ivories as can be found in Boston, Back Bay included. But the eyes—ah, me ! what symphony of hidden, and visible charms—large, deep, so full of pathos !—a perfect brown in color.

How Harry's heart went out to this little news-merchant. "Yes, give me two. Young fellow, what's your name ? Where do you live ? Why do you sell papers ?"

"Willie Hodgson—South Boston, Gold street—I sell papers 'cause mother's sick abed, and—well Dad's skipt," came truthfully from the little shaver. "And," he continued, "old Maloney wants his rent—three dollars for two rooms. We are poor, that's all I can make in a week, and I must hustle, you bet, Mister Longcoat, to do that."

'Twixt the calling of his wares he gave Harry this rather disjointed family history.

Our absent-minded friend is off again—dreaming, "could it be ? No, no. But the name. Bah ! A great many people carry the name Hodgson—common, ordinary cognomen. The eyes—those eyes—her eyes !"

"Mister, give me—me two cents, if you please ; 'n let me go," says Willie.

Harry looks at his watch. His mind is made up. "Say, Jay Gould, Jr. ; what's your entire stock invoiced

for? That is to say, supposing you disposed of all your papers; how much will they bring you?"

"Thirty cents."

"Well, here's a half-dollar; come with me; I'm going to see your sick mother."

"You be. Well, I never," ejaculated Jay, Jr. "All right, Russell Sage; I'm with ye."

Stopping a passing herdic, motioning the surprised youngster to climb in, Harry follows. Soon they are rattling down Washington street, to Beach, to the Southern depots, down Federal; over the bridge, up Dorchester avenue, into Gold street.

During the drive Harry persuaded the boy to speak of his home—mother—father. From which he gathered that the parents were originally from Maine—one time better off: the father being a dentist, practising his profession in a large town on the banks of the Penobscot—but not being married in a "Heavenly" sense quarrels sprang up, from some unknown cause. From these petty misunderstandings the "noble" husband and father took to drink. Satan's "Coffee" is as easily obtainable in prohibitory Maine as licensed Boston. This drink habit caused a loss of business. They moved to the Bay State. Matters did not improve. The head of the family continued to imbibe "contention," and then, to use the expressive language of our young merchant, "Dad skipt."

The driver, ordered by Willie, drew up his jaded animal before the door of one of those high-storied tenements; wooden, flat-roofed, and angular, peculiar to the Peninsular district, devoid of beauty, even when given an acre lot to stand in; much less in this narrow fifteen-foot

street. "Gold," forsooth—very little if any of the article is seen in this quarter of modern Athens.

A number of poor, half-clad children are roaming about the door-steps; playing in the rain, and mud puddles; throwing handfuls of "gold" dust! wet, and slimy, at each other. Their aims were accurate; consequently "mud-sliding" was fun for these "presidential possibilities."

"It's up two flights, Mister,—back. Let me go first, 'cause it's dark," says Willie."

"All right, boy."

Dismissing the herdic, Harry follows, as nimbly as possible, up the crooked, shaking, old stairs, to find Willie standing in the open doorway of what seemed, in the darkening twilight, to be a bed-room; but on closer and clearer inspection disclosed a combination, to wit:—A kitchen, dining, living-room by day; by night, with aid of one of those folding mantle-beds it did, or tried to do, duty as a sleeping apartment.

There was one window, from which could be seen a patch of dark sky.

A bare, pine table, three or four old, wooden chairs, with the aforementioned bed, comprised the movable furniture of the room.

On the table was some old stoneware china—odd pieces; that is to say, a couple of teacups without handles, a cracked milk pitcher, a few "misfit" plates, old brass spoons, two or three knives and forks, and one or two nondescript articles. On one of the plates were the remains of a loaf of brown bread—no plums there; on another some cold beans; on a third a small piece of pork—from

which, in the fast fading daylight, could just be distinguished the bristles.

On the walls were pasted some lithographs—tobacco advertisements, etc., having a rather suggestive stagey appearance, but bright in coloring.

There was on the floor a piece of dirty, old carpet ; once perchance a famous eastern rug, but long ago out-worn its pristine beauty.

No fire in the range, nor any coal in the bin back of it.

In very truth the room's contents were "nil."

It was most dark.

"Willie, what do you use for lighting purposes?"

"Mostly nothing, sir—we sits in the dark—it's cheaper," was the answer.

"Yes, I know ; but have you not a lamp, or gas, or even a candle?"

"We've a lamp, sir ; but there's no ile—Maloney turned off the gas last week, 'cause we couldn't pay him his rent. No, there's nare a candle."

"Well, see here, Willie ; take this bill, have the oil-can filled ; order up some coal, and kindling wood. Go round to a dining-room on Broadway or elsewhere ; tell them to send up a hot dinner, for three ; plenty of broth, or soup—now hurry."

"Hurrah ! for you, Russell Sage," sang Jay, Jr.

While the boy was gone on his errands, Harry could do nothing but wait. He could not see in the dark. He could not tell whether yon, poor, forsaken wife was asleep, or not. He had seen a form in the bed sometime previous, which he rightly judged to be the sick woman, mother of Willie.

He went to the window, and looked out—up towards the dark patch of sky :

“Dear Lord, whatever is, is best.”

He questioned within himself if it was at all possible to supply the “wants” of these two poor mortals. Their present pressing “needs” he certainly could, and would ; but their “wants.”—

“Dear Master, ’tis with thee.”

“Coal! coal!” Came in a deep Irish tone from a dark figure in the doorway.

“Yes, my man ; dump your basket in this box. Here, give me that package of kindling-wood, so, thank you.”

“Sad case, doctor,” loudly whispered Pat, pointing to the bed, with a jerk of his grimy thumb over his ditto shoulder.

“Yes—yes ; good-night.”

Having some matches in his pocket-case, Harry soon had a fire started—burning brightly—token of future warmth.

Then came Willie with the oil. A cheap-looking lamp was produced from the other room, cleansed, and filled. Its rays, cheerful by contrast with the long period of semi-darkness, lighting up this poor home.

Next a waiter, with a large covered basket containing warm broth, meat, bread, a large apple-pie, and other eatables, and condiments.

Clearing off the table, drawing it up, after the restaurant

attache had left, from the wall to the bed side ; spreading the large napkins, found in the basket, on it ; placing the lamp, and food in position, also a chair for Willie, (who has been lost in amazement, watching our Harry)—and another for himself ; the Bostonian requested the sick mother to sit up in bed, and eat. She did so.

Yes, her eyes were her boy's, or rather vice versa—large, beautiful, brown. The cheek bones were somewhat prominent ; but then sickness would have a tendency to produce this. The mouth small—the teeth fine, even, and still pearly. For a certainty, mother and son were very similar in facial appearances.

This woman watched Harry's movements, as he took a few mouthfuls, so to encourage them. But draw her into conversation he could not ; nothing but : “ God will bless you, you are so kind,” and such like phrases.

The sick one ate a little—took some broth and seemed to warm up wonderfully under the combined influence of the coal fire, the lamp's light, and the nourishing food.

But talk of herself—no ; she would not.

After the meal Willie handed the change of the bill to Mr. Harry, which he (Harry), requesting the mother's wallet, deposited therein, adding another gold certificate, and laughing at the boy's wondering looks the while.

Then bidding them a friendly “ Good-bye ”—promising to call again—he left. But not before the sick woman had taken his hand—kissed it—blessed him, saying :—

“ Mr. F—, the Lord will reward you.”

“ How do you know my name, good woman ? ”

“ O, I know you—you are some older, that's all. I

knew you long ago in better days—before—But don't ask me questions now ; pray, go away ; God bless you."

Calling at Maloney's on the street floor, Harry paid this Irish, rack-renting landlord the rent, due for two weeks, and two more in advance ; telling him to turn on the gas immediately, and to inform his tenants of this fact.

Then to Dorchester avenue—home, and home comforts—his rest—his "sense of slippers after boots"—a warm, cosy room—a "more" cosy wrapper—and a "most" cosy feeling, that at least one occasion of absent-mindedness,—dreaming, had been turned to good account.

And as he sits thinking of this sick woman—of her beautiful, brown eyes, his thoughts wander back to the years of youthful manhood, to past scenes—incidents. He still sleeps. He's tired.

The door opens. A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, loving, little girl comes in—claps her hands, and then :—

"Why, Uncle Harry ! don't you hear the supper-bell ? You must have been sleeping all afternoon."







MA CHERE.

(J'ai besoin de vous parler.)
I am weary of this dark road,
My feet refuse their wonted load;
I feel the need, Marie, of those days
Before the Sun obscured her rays
Behind our cloud.

(Tu me fais mal.)
With bowed head I travel alone,
Asking why that heart grew as stone
Which once was mine own? For so you swore
Under the apple-tree, near the door,
On His book aloud.

(" Je vous aimerai.")
You remember that July day?—
Call it back, one moment, I pray.—
I led you through the gate to that tree.
There you promised to be true to me,
Your Felix—proud !

(Je ne sais qu'en penser.)
Promised with one hand held in mine,
The other on the Book divine,
With eyes, how wondrous brown !—full of tears ;
With kisses, how sweet ! you calmed my fears.
Before God you bowed.

(“Que cherchez—vous, Felix ? ”)
(Je cherche, ma Pensée.)
I left you more than satisfied ;
My Bible, tears, and kisses tried.
“ Ah ! ” Thought I ; “ The Serpent is not there.
' Tis an Eden. No need of repair.”
“ Belle,” was I blind ?

(Je vous aimais, Marie.)
For a time your notes were so sweet !
Full of innocence, they did treat
Me, to such a picture of pure bliss
That I could not ever think of this
Misery. How kind !

(Laissez—moi faire mon devoir?)
The tone then changed, slightly at first,
Till uncanny grew. Was I curst
Like Adam of old? “Daughter of Eve,”
Answer me truly. Why did you cleave
To “Cure-dents?”—my Eden!

(Fermez les persiennes.)
But I forgive. ’Twas a madness,
Or fit of distracting sadness.
Our quarrel is quite an unfair fight,
Venez, ma belle Marie, and cling tight.
Have His Peace—my Sedan!

(Què mène cette route, Marie?)
I’ll not ask you, “Belle,” to explain
The cause of “*this*,” in which you’ve lain
Ma Marie, no! Come back to the tree
And we’ll take a new pledge, you and me;
Before God be made pure.

Marie, come ! cheer me, this dark day ;
Come ! put a new light in my way.
(Il est temps de se lever.)
I will not, no, never, this “ slip ” tell ;
Of this sorrow that to thee befel,
By His Cross we'll endure.
(Marie cela n' était pas étonnant.
Nos punitions sont sévères
Venez—I forgive—God forgives.)



SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

"No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old; if otherwise, then both the new maketh a rent, and the piece that was taken out of the new agreeth not with the old."—Luke, v., 36.

No, friend, 'tis useless work this everlasting patching.
Man, sinful child of Adam, must be born anew.
Putteth pure thoughts into a wicked heart—attaching
A priceless pearl to the finger of Sin won't do.

Piece by piece is the foundation of "Purity" built;
Of the flow from Golgotha's deep fountain cemented;
A strong, sure base is thus constructed. Free from all
guilt
New "Stones," gems of His example, thereby indented.

"*Garment-of-sin*," no doubt, handsome is to the eye.
Upon it embroidered flowers; enticing, bright.
An article of beauty (?) to own which you sigh.
Old Sin has his finger though on the lapel, tight.
If you wear, or continue to wear, "this" you'll die.
Otherwise, spurn it. Live, accept Jesus—be right.
Then, though you're beset by Sin's fascinating glare,
Both "Purity" and Heaven will help you declare
The love of Jesus in your heart—to do, to dare.

New, seamless garment of eternal life—God's gift—
Maketh the wearer strong, as though a coat of mail.
A life spent then endeavoring sinners to lift.
Rent, torn though they be—Sin's garment will not
 avail.
And thou shalt be as a lighthouse to storm-tossed sail.

The patching of an old wicked heart deep sunk in sin.
Piece of new Cloth, forsooth ! to cover the place rent.
That won't do, friend, except you are purged from within.
Was ever anything unclean with success sent—
Taken to oblivion thus ? No, of course not.
Out with the idea ; accept Him Who has sought
Of your heart to renew it ; Who with His blood bought
The remission of all sins. Come to Him, accept
New, pure garments. For you the "Solid Rock" has
 kept—
Agreeth He to keep you on the "Narrow Path"
Not a day, a month, but for eternity hath.

With the promise of a "Comforter" on the road—
The sunshine of good deeds done will lighten your load.
Old father Sin repulsed—sing a heavenly ode.
 Deo gratias.

HOME.

'Tis best
To rest,
To cease,
Have peace.
For many a mile
And many a trial
You'll have to endure
Before you are sure
Of Home.

Sleep well,
Keep well,
Say well,
Pray well.
Then Jesus, your Brother,
And some long-lost other,
Before it is too late,
Will greet you at the gate
Of Home.

A SIGH.

Patience under misfortune,
Courage to do and to dare,
Meekness in time of anger,
Thus the Lord's love to declare.

Helpful, kindly, and so free !
Cheerily meeting trouble.
Alex, dear boy, I miss thee
Now we don't travel double.

Much I'd give to regain thee ;
All in this world that is mine.
Ah, me ! how I would fain be
Changing my dross at love's shrine.

And now, at the close of day,
Heart—wearied, baffled, dear boy,
Thinking what strengthening stay
Thy presence would have—
I sigh !

Nov. 8, 1889.

*A SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR
GIVES THANKS.*

For health—Life's blessings to enjoy ;
To run, and walk and play around ;
To come to school, and here apply
Ourselves to Bible wisdom sound.

For the Bible—God's Book so true ;
A "Lamp of Love" through Sin's dark night ;
A Help—a Comfort—Solace, too.
Come ! read, and feel if we're not right.

For our Library—Books instructive—
Such a pleasure they'll be to read.
Full of good stories productive
Of gentle thoughts, our minds to feed.

For our teachers—The entire Staff—
They do try God's Love to install.
True we sometimes only laugh—laugh ;
But forgive—Jesus knows it all.

Here we're taught of the Golden Rule,
Of honesty, of self-denial, .
When away from teachers, and school.
Jesus does help—We stand the trial.

* * * * *

* * * * *

When out the sands of life have run,
God will reward you for deeds done.
Thanks for all !

BILL.

Only a boy—a small one, too,
Trying to earn, of cents a few ;
Anxious ; willing something to do.
The smallest shaver in the crew,
Manly, though, and to the point true,
Was Newsboy Bill.

I took deep interest in him,
As from under that old hat's rim
He sang his wares, with voice not slim :
“Herald, Globe, Reckid, ' cent.”—A Sym.
So rich in pathos, courage, vim !
Had Newsboy Bill.

Day after day him I would meet,
Running around with nimble feet,
In and out of the crowded street.
Always, he with a smile would greet
Customers. With business replete
Was Newsboy Bill.

Once I said :—" Bill—a moment stay ;
How do you spend the Sabbath day ? "
" Lay abed—smoke—and sometimes play
Tiddledy Winks with sister May."—
" Church ? " " No I'm not onto that lay,"
Wasn't Newsboy Bill ?

To-day ; ah, me ! a sad, sad sight ;
A mad horse—a small girl in fright,
A *hero* brother—May all right.
But our boy—well ; he gave his *mite*.
A brave soul hath taken its flight.
Our *Angel* Bill.

HIS WHISKERS RED.

(Her Sneer.)

“Poverty is no disgrace—
But I hate that unclean face ;
Do be shaved,” she said.

(Its Answer.)

Madame, please, a moment pause,
Lack of wealth is not the cause.
His throat needs the aid ;
Hence this hair.

In time there'll grow thick, and swarm
Round his chin, a forest warm—
These, his whiskers ; red.
True, the wind may through them blow,
Caress, play “hide—seek,” and sow
Fun unlimited ;
But not fair.

For though you may ply your joke—
The sneer of derision poke
At these whiskers red.
When they have grown full and fair :
You *know* you'll like *your* chin there—
In his whiskers, red—
Tickling hair !

DISAPPOINTMENT.

An old tale.—A wearied head drops on to mine arm.

I see these sights :

(Ah! they *do* for the moment charm

Me into forgetfulness)

A Picture so rare !

A background, unmeasured, of *inky* blackness black.

Above, twinkling stars, bright, and blue ; of them no lack.

Below the heaven of this View ; a Woman, fair ;

Smiling is, standing in a chariot of fire ;

Drawn by prancing, milk-white steeds, which seem not to
tire

Of their lovely burden. They race my arm adown.

Darkened the Scene awhile is. Then they reappear.

Another, and still one more smile. Away, sad frown !

I lift mine head, encouraged—cheering Hope *is* here.

A LITTLE GIRL'S THANKS,
NOV. 27, 1890.

For health—Life's blessings to enjoy—
To run, and walk, and play around ;
To come to school and here apply
Myself to Bible wisdom sound.

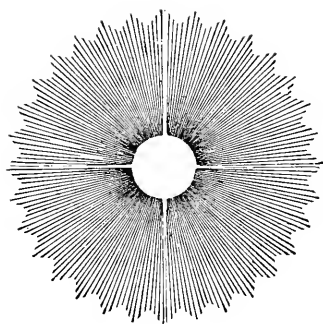
For Papa—So good, kind and true.
He is here—look at him—that's right ;
He gives me all I need—more, too ;
I love him—I'll (^{Throws}_{a kiss.})—At home to-night.

For Mamma—dear, sweet mother—mine ;
That is Mamma (^{Throws}_{a kiss.})—there ; so demure—
Who taught me to say : I am Thine.
Mamma—so nice—I love her sure.

'Tis right to say *grace* before meat,
To be thankful to God for food.
There—there, now, I don't want to eat
My sister Grace, though she *is* good.

I would also like to mention
Some one else—but he'd rather not.
—To the speakers pay attention
And be thankful for what you've got.





A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN CANADA.

A toll-gate on a lone Canada road. Thirty-six miles, more or less, northwest of Montreal.

The road ran parallel to the Ottawa river—at a spot where the Ontario shore rises high and steep, forming a precipice of about ninety feet. It had been drilled and blasted from the solid lime-stone rock, for high onto a half-mile either side of the gate-house.

The house is built immediately over the road, forming an arch, under which all passengers must travel.

The back of the house was formed of lime-stone, being in fact a portion of the cliff, which rose about twenty-five feet higher than the top-most brick of its chimney.

From the river, away below, this money-collecting agency looked somewhat like a large pigeon-house placed there by some good-hearted Canada farmer, out of the way, where they could brood in quietude and peace, these his pigeons.

Near the door, which was in the centre under the arch, a barred gate was so fixed, by means of a hidden spring, that the receiver of the toll-money could, in case of a

disagreeable customer, touch the aforementioned spring with his or her foot, and down would come the high gate; effectually hindering further progress in that direction.

But the cliff was there, and the river below.

“The water passage was free.”

Yes, so were the short bushy palm trees, which studded thickly this steep incline to the water's edge—aye, free, and extremely dangerous. No, Mr. Miserly-customer, pay your copper—one copper for foot travellers, two for those with animals, was the “protective” tariff imposed by the road company; and when you take into consideration the amount of labor and money spent in keeping the road in order this price was not exorbitant.

At the time of which I am speaking the toll keeper was a woman, a widow. Her husband had been drowned on the Madawaska log-drive the preceding spring. A son had been appointed to perform the father's duties, while he (the father) was on the river.

But this boy, or young man rather, was too fond of Moses Lepointe's bar, down below in the village, and the manager of the road had discharged him.

In disgrace, the son hired as a raftsmen, to go to Quebec with a square-timber drive; thus leaving the mother and a younger son—Willie—alone in the gate-house.

This manager told this saddened widow to stop and collect tolls until such time as he could appoint another gate-keeper.

One bright sunny morning Willie was instructed regarding toll-duties, household work, etc., for the day, as his mother found it necessary to attend court, about some

law business regarding her husband's claim for insurance.

"Be careful, polite; give the right change, don't show too much money, as there are many loose characters among the farmers and river men. You'll find some bread, cold pork, and cake in the cupboard; and I have put some tea in the pot. Keep the fire going, not too fiercely—and be good, dear boy—Willie. You are my only comfort now. Good-bye, I'll be home by evening."

Thus the mother left him, taking shaggy Jim, their sturdy Percheron horse, and odd, springless cart; also a basket of eggs to exchange for tea and sugar.

Proud boy, that—our embryo toll-keeper, standing at the door collecting coppers, pennies—giving change for five and ten cent pieces, fifties, and once or twice a dollar bill. Higher than that there was no call for; because money, paper money, is a rarity in this portion of Victoria's Dominions.

During lulls of duty for the road company Willie busied himself sweeping the floor, keeping the fire going, bringing in wood from the shed, till the bin back of the large box-stove was full.

Then with his big Sancho—his Newfoundland dog—he would sit by the western window, from which could be seen the river, watching the passing sails of pleasure; the rafts of square timber, and of saw-logs, being towed to * Montreal and Quebec; listening to the "Puff—puff" of the tugs, and the "Here—a law" of the cheery river-men, keeping time to their movements in song.

Everything was going along splendidly—no mistake in change, no bad men as travellers on the river-road. But he began to feel lonely. Mother did not come. The day

was fast fading away. It was growing—it grew—dark, and still no mother.

What could have kept her so late?

No, he would not cry—that would not be manly.

He got up from his seat on the low rocker near the fire, —lighted the lamps—put the large head lights in both east and west windows, with the blue glass in front; laid the neat white cloth on the table for supper, refilled the kettle, and after placing plates, cups, saucers, knives, spoons, etc., in position for the evening meal, he began to toast some bread. Mother likes hot buttered toast. He just had one piece nicely browned and placed on a plate in the upper oven of the stove when:

Hark!—Sancho barks; runs to the door, growls, howls, barks again. Poor Willie trembles—

“What could be the matter?”

This Canada boy is brave—he opens the door—with his lantern on his arm, conductor fashion—a snow white horse is galloping up the road from the east, galloping fast; O, so fast!

A black robed figure sat on the horse urging the animal on—using whip and spurs, suddenly he reaches the house, Willie touches the spring; down falls the gate—“No thoroughfare, sir, without two cents.”

“Let me through, boy,—hinder me at your peril. This is a matter of life and death—my wife is dying—I’m going for a doctor.”

“Two cents, sir, please.”

“Here, you little rascal, here’s my purse; help yourself.”

The boy's foot is raised—ditto the gate—and the unknown stranger passes.

Willie picks up the purse and therein discovers bills upon bills, all of large denomination, the sum total representing quite a fortune to our toll-keeper, but no coppers are there.

He goes to his own little iron bank, takes out two cents—there are only a few left—and puts his money in the company's box, two bright new cents, he had earned working, raking hay one afternoon last August, on Mr. Tilson's farm.

This Mr. Tilson was also the manager of the road and appointer of the toll-gate keeper.

Then back to his toast-making came Willie, leaving the gentleman's purse on the supper table. Soon he hears a whistle, shrill, loud and long.

“Ah! the doctor.”

Again at the door. A penny is tossed at him through the door and rolls across the dining-room floor.

Still no mother.

Again he hears galloping—the clang of hoofs on the hard macadamized road.

He goes to the door. 'Tis the white horse and its black-robed rider, still urging on his jaded, weary, foaming animal. The gate is open. Willie runs in for the purse. But, no; the man did not stop. On he went down the road.

In about two hours—long, weary, lonely hours to Willie, for no mother came yet—

“What can the matter be?”

The toast is all done, long ago, nice and warm; now waiting for hungry, absent mother.

Willie hears the doctor's dog-cart. He hears everything so plainly, to-night; his hearing has wonderfully improved. He can hear the singing of the raftsmen down the river as round their cookery, on their timber, they have gathered for an evening confab and for singing. Their song sounds sweet across the water in the peace of the evening, running somewhat after this manner:

V' là l' bon vent !
V' là l' joli vent !
V' là l' bon vent !
Ma mie m' appelle !
V' là l' bon vent !
V' là l' joli vent !
V' là l' bon vent !
Ma mie m' attend !

Visa le noir,
Tua le blanc,
Fringue ! Fringue, sur l' aviron !
O fils du Roi,
Tu es méchant,
Fringue ! Fringue, sur la rivière !
Fringue ! Fringue, sur l' aviron !
(Le chien d' Or.)

The cart stops under the arch. A whip handle raps the door.

"Come in, please."

Enter, the township's doctor—bluff, hearty, big, burly,

good-natured, with a most agreeable swivel in his off eye.

Just the man to make poor, weary, sick humans take another grip on life.

"Pull awa, mun; ye're no deed yet," would this good physician sing, and the poor patient "pulled," when, lo, health came back! Great health restorer was this town M. D.

But I most forgot the tall figure in the black riding-cloak, who also came in, behind the doctor. . Going over to the table, he of the long cloak picked up the purse, opened it, counted its contents, smiled, took from the roll of bills a twenty-dollar Bank-of-Valle-Marie token (Willie's back being turned) and putting it into the sugar bowl he again smiled.

"Gentlemen, mother has not come home as yet, and I don't know whether or no she will come. Will you please to be seated and share my supper?" Says the youthful gate-keeper, placing an additional plate, knife, fork, cup and saucer on the table.

"Gentlemen, here is hot toast, cold sweet pork, tea and cake—plummy. Please assist in my repast."

Thus grandly, politely, gentlemanly spoke Willie, urging his guests.

Off came the long coat. The doctor's companion was Mr. Tilson.

"Come, Doctor," spoke the latter gentleman. "You sit here at the head, I'll sit at the bottom, and Willie at the side nearest the oven and the hot toast."

During supper Willie listened to Mr. Tilson tell of his

sick wife, of his finding the boy's mother in town, of his requesting her (the mother) to come and nurse his wife, of the galloping to the doctor's when the sickness took a sudden bad turn, of Willie's mother passing by in the doctor's cart ; and now they had come to tell him why no mother to-night—The doctor was going home, and Mr. Tilson would stay at the gate-house till morning, to collect toll from late travellers, etc.

“I like that,” remarked hospitable Willie.

By and by the doctor left for his home. Willie played on his fiddle, made Sancho act all his funny tricks. Then Mr. Tilson read out of the Lord's Book, and they knelt while the elder follower of the Carpenter's Son prayed for this boy—for his mother—for the wayward brother—for his own wife and family and for themselves—to keep until morning. Amen.

Then to bed.

At day-break Willie was wakened by a kiss from his own sweet mother's lips. Mr. Tilson had left for home. The gentleman's wife was some better.

His man had brought back the pony and cart from town.

A letter was here for Willie. It was from the road manager, and was to the effect that after due trial, Willie having proven honest, brave and capable, was appointed toll-gate keeper, at a salary of four hundred dollars a year—one hundred more than usually paid.

The letter closed with a request to accept the contents of the sugar bowl ; and that the writer would consider it a

favor if Mr. Toll-gate-Keeper would call—make a habit of it, please—on the Tilsons.

This latter wish would certainly be pleasing to Willie, for in all the county side from Montreal to Grenville there was no young lady so good, pure, and lovely as Nellie Tilson.

(A Chapter from an Unpublished Novel.)





THANKSGIVING.

(Thoughts on the Day.)

For young and old the years are but few,
Life's a school, therefore knowledge pursue ;
To the Master give that which is due—

A humble, thankful heart.

For good health, which is better than gold—
Brings relief from pain when bones wax old ;
Lightens the load to the Shepherd's fold—

For this gift thanks impart.

For eyes to see, and for ears to hear—
This power to worship without fear—
Thy Creator, God ; Thy Saviour, dear ;

Give thanks, friends, young and old.

For children, parents, husband, or wife ;
Which of these blessings you've in this life ;
For home comfort—its surcease from strife,
Be thankful ; pray, don't scold.

Of the poor and needy mindful be,
Of thy surplus give. “Returns to thee,
Bread on the waters cast.” Charity

Brings sweet rest, remember.

If some one has caused thee a sorrow,
Forgive, now ; don't wait for the morrow ;
If thine own strength fails, from Christ borrow.
—This day of November.

For such success thou mayest have had,
For days that were good ; for those thought bad,
For hours that were happy, or were sad,
 Give thy thanks. God knows all.
And when you sit down to your dinner,
Thanks are due for—turkey, you sinner !
'Tis the Lord who makes you a winner ;
 This glad day in the Fall.



MAY 28th, 1890.

Just one score,
Each one, more
Noted, than the previous.
Not a day was lost ;
In counting the cost ;
Either *spent*, or grievous.

I hope that the future
Surpasses those years.

That Jesus with nurture
When troubled with fears,
Emanuel ; Brother ; Saviour ;
Note the needs of her, my friend ;
Thou, Lord, grant, I plead this favour—
Years *full* of *usefulness*, lend.

HIS QUATERNION, QUOTIDIAN QUERIES.

Will some one rise and please tell him why
He is generally misunderstood ?
Why his most kind endeavor to try
To increase the pleasure of those who should
Know him better—*reaps* him a sigh ?

Will some one rise and please tell him when
He has planted sufficient of this seed ?
When he ought in charity halt ? Then
Let the pure seeds grow, and with them the weed
Of selfishness, found in all men.

Will some one rise, and please tell him how
He is to have success in his reaping ?
How he's to harvest Peace in the row
Grown in this garden ? To keep from weeping
Over his crop ? Speak to him now.

Will some one rise and please tell him where
Little seeds of kindness should be planted ?
Where ?—Hold ! perhaps 'tis wrong to compare
Twixt sowing and harvest.—

Be it granted
That in Heaven you'll reap your share.

TED.

(A letter to that boy.)

This morning, dear friend,
My thoughts they do tend
Towards our late confab.
As I with you contended
I see how you defended
Your smoking from my stab.

Please to bear in mind
Habit of this kind
Is nothing but a fraud;
For a solace for troubles
Go to Jesus, not baubles
Nothing doth soothe like God.

Hope you will forgive me,
All but good relieve me,
And I'll my lecture cease.
May He who is without stain
Make you strong and free from pain
And give to you His peace.

PROFIT SHARING.

As a stream from its water-shed started
Gains volume, and force in flowing:
As a germ from the buried seed parted
Gains strength in its course while growing ;

So if to a small trust faithful thou art
A greater will fall in thy way.
So bury self—play but a humble part.—
A noble will call for thy stay.

As the sullen, gray sky of the morning
Gains beauty anon from the sun :
And as the damp grass the hills adorning
Gains the gems at dawn it has won ;

So thy faith upheld till the end does come
Shares profits complete thou hast won :—
A sleep, a journey, then awake at Home
With greeting so sweet !—“ Son, well done.”

*SHE STUDIED OXFORD THEOLOGY
ON BOSTON COMMON.*

“Oxford Theology !” I want to know !
Is this a-new-Athenian-culture fad ?
It cannot be. She looked poor as a crow—
This old woman—and so sad.

With an ancient, faded, colored shawl on,
And a more faded black skirt ;
A bonnet—certainly ; but rather gone ;
Likewise her old, damp shoes, all covered with dirt.

She sat on a bench, the book on her lap ;
Rare old nondescript, she is somebody’s mother ;
Rubbed her steel specs, gave her nose a tap ;
Read one leaf, then another.

“Justification,” I saw, to be sure,
Was the subject of this page.
Theology—ah, me ! What a poor cure
For the sore troubles of poverty and age !

A sparrow is chirruping on yonder tree.
Aged student, hold! learn a lesson of trust.
God doth provide for it—He will for thee.
Theology—a mere rust.

Love the Lord. This is the *key* to *all* peace.
He'll supply thy every need.
Trust Him; let baleful anxiety cease,
Of thy future condition take thou *no* heed.

Park Street Mall, Sept. 18, '89.

A HARVEST WELCOME.

(Of the Church Member to a Stranger.)

In the season past we've had pleasure :
Health, and sunshine beyond a measure :
From hill and valley gathered treasure.
Our harvest has been good.
The Lord is with us, again we meet.
With sweet smiles, and with fond wishes treat
Each other :—thus too the stranger greet,
That he may share our mood.

Dear stranger, we wish to draw you in
From the noisy, wicked street's mad din ;
Into His peace, away from this dark sin,
To the light of God's love.
We would tell you of wonderful rest,
Tell you :—you may on the Lord's sweet breast
Pillow your aching head. Sin confessed.
Comfort comes from Above.

'Tis not a fairy tale, dear stranger.
'Tis He who was born in a manger,
Who died to save you from your danger ;
 He prompts me thus to speak.
Come, look at the happy faces here—
Full of Peace, and rest, devoid of fear,
To *this* thou art welcome, stranger dear,
 If thou wilt Jesus seek.

* * * * *

A Prayer.

Father, help this sin-tossed soul—
 Listen to his sad confession—
Brother, point him to the Goal—
 —He is anxious for possession.
 —Amen.

TRUE MANHOOD.

Be gentle, quiet, cool ; be pure. To rise above all outward influences of evil a man must learn to conquer himself—to control the passions within. Be master of yourself ; then if the time should come, as it undoubtedly will, when you are in the trying position of a master over other men, the necessary ability required for successful leadership will be yours.

Be gentlemanly—gentle as a woman, manly as a man. It is not necessary that you should have fine raiment, gold, or social position ; but be appreciative of others' feelings ; blind to their physical debilities ; to their lack, or seeming lack of training in the laws of etiquette, etc. Be patient with a voluble tongue ; give courtesy in exchange for rudeness, lending a helping hand in cases of necessity, remembering to perform various little acts for others' benefit,—they count. A brick house is built of single little bricks, one by one, yet quickly ! Be quiet, calm, suffer in silence, never complain. "The best of men that e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer,—a soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—the first true gentleman,"—even the despised Nazarene. Copy Him. Thus take on true manhood.

PAGE THE LAST.

The sand hath run from out the glass ;
Close me friend. * * *
 Is thy path brighter ?
Dost thou feel thy burdens lighter ?
Dost Hope, Faith and Love draw nearer ?
Wilt the Master's work be dearer ?
Have these my "grains" while running brought
Sunbeams bright to a darkened spot ?
—"Yes"—Thank you, brother, let me pass
To the end. * * *
 As thine.

THE AUTHOR.



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